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The Unfinished Gentleman.

LORD TOTTERLY. Leave my house, Sir—or I'll order my servants to turn you out.

BILL.... *(taking a chair)* I wont go: I should like to see them turn me out!

Act I Scene 4

THE

UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN

A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

[MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS SOCIETY.]

AUTHOR OF

Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—The Boots at the Swan—Catching an Heiress—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Hunting a Turtle—Dancing Barber—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—A Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament—Robert Macaire—Kinge Richard ye Third—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valèt de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar—Phantom Breakfast—Antony and Cleopatra—Frank Fox Phipps—Pearl of the Ocean—White Sergeants—Hotel Charges—Phantom Dancers—Husband of my Heart—Taken In and Done For—Chamber Practice—Witch of Windermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Sly—The Elves, or the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),
LONDON.

THE UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, December 2, 1834.

CHARACTERS.

Lord Totterly, *an Adonis of Sixty—a* cidevant Jeune Homme	Mr. BENNETT.
The Honorable Mr. Frisk Flammer, *a Cantab. Nephew of Lord Totterly, a young Gentleman with a vivid imagination, small income, and large debts*	Mr. HEMMING.
Charles Danvers, *an embryo Barrister of Middle Temple*	Mr. ROBERTS.
Billy Downey, *an occasional Porter and Shoeblack, a diffuser of knowledge, a Philosopher, a Citizen of the World, and an Unfinished Gentleman*	Mr. JOHN REEVE.
James Miller, *the Hon. Mr. Flammer's Tiger, brought up in the Stable, educated on the Turf and pavè, polished and completed at the Fives Court*	Mr. YATES.
Nibble, Catch } *Two Gentlemen* attachés *to the Sheriffs, commonly called Greyhounds*	Mr. SAUNDERS. Mr. TAYLOR.
Robert, *Servant to Lord Totterly* . . .	Mr. KEEN.
Thomas, *Servant to Miss Bloomfield* . . .	
Louisa Bloomfield, *a Young Lady, betrothed to Charles Danvers*	Miss CROSS.
Mary Chintz, *Miss Bloomfield's own Maid, a real treasure, the* bespoke *of James Miller an unwilling Spinster, and a great Advocate for matrimony*	Mrs. KEELEY.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—1 hour.

COSTUMES.

LORD TOTTERLY.—Fashionable dress coat, fashionable trousers, Wellington boots, long brass spurs, black stock, black wig and whiskers.

HON. FRISK FLAMMER.—White trousers, boots and spurs, dressing gown.—*2nd dress.*—Fashionable morning dress.

CHARLES DANVERS.—Fashionable morning dress.

BILL DOWNEY.—Short overall trousers, darned worsted stockings, ankle boots, tight yellow livery waistcoat, trimmed with worsted lace, worsted stocking sleeves, crop wig, old black hat without a brim.—*2nd dress.*—Large green coat, white neckcloth, long buff waistcoat, cord breeches, long leather riding gaiters, rough grey wig.

JEM MILLER.—Frock coat and trousers, large black moustachios.—*2nd dress.*—White cord breeches, top boots, green frock, metal buttons.—*3rd dress.*—Large pattern cotton gown, red shawl, black bonnet.

NIBBLE & CATCH.—Breeches and gaiters, rough coats, &c.

ROBERT & THOMAS.—Handsome liveries.

LOUISA BLOOMFIELD.—Fashionable morning dress.

MARY CHINTZ.—Muslin dress, silk apron.

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THE UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-room* (*3d grooves*). *Tables, Chairs, Sofa, Guitar, Books, Flowers, &c., distributed in picturesque confusion.*

CHINTZ *discovered, looking out of a window,* L.

CHINTZ. Past three o'clock! I know I shall be disappointed again; this is the second time my Jem will have come to take me in his master's cab to the Zoological Gardens. I'm certain I shan't be able to go—how provoking! (*looking out at window.*) There's the cab, and there's my Jem! he'll be so disappointed; I must make signs to him. (*shakes her head, &c.*) I can't come, missis hasn't come home; wait a bit; I shall get in a passion, presently. Well, if he hasn't got a boy to hold the horse! he's getting out—oh, my gracious! he has got his master's clothes on, what a shame! (*laughs.*) Oh, goodness me! if he hasn't stuck on a pair of *mustachers!*—what a fright he does look; he's coming in, I must run down and send him away. (*going* L.) Why, hang his impudence! if he isn't coming up stairs! What will Miss Bloomfield say?

Enter JEM MILLER, L. *dressed in the extreme of modern fashion, with large mustachios.*

JEM. How are you, my angelic angel? Here I am all right and regular; couldn't make out your dumb talk, so bolted up to *de*lucidate the particulars. What is the row, eh? *explainez vous.*

CHINTZ. Jem, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come up here; if Miss Bloomfield were to see you, I should never hear the last of it. (*looking at him and laughing.*) Where did you get those *mustachers?* You look just like Lord Fitznoodle.

JEM. You do me proud! *parole d'honneur;* dem'd if you don't! Why, you see, as we were going to give master's cab

a benefit, I determined to do the thing in style; so I borrowe a suit of his toggery, established a pair of *killers*, and here I ar a finished landscape of a gentleman, all ready for the Zoologica Gardens.

CHINTZ. (*looking at him, and turning him round.*) Yes, think you are. If once you go there, you'll never get ou again—you'll be put in a cage, as a specimen of the *Hooran Hootangs.*

JEM. Come, I say; don't you cast any *in*flections; tak care you are not caught for a mermaid, or some other quee fish—but, I say, what's the matter? What did you mean by (*imitating her action.*) *Comme ça.*

CHINTZ. Why, to tell you I couldn't get out; Miss Bloom- field is to be married to-morrow, and I suppose has been detained by the milliner about her dress. I can't go out until she returns home, so I'm afraid we shall be disappointed again.

JEM. What a dem'd bore! Exterminate the milliner! Missis going to be married, eh? Who is the *Mari* — the *enfant trouvè?* as the French say.

CHINTZ. Lord Totterly.

JEM. (*astonished.*) Lord Totterly

CHINTZ. Yes; do you know him?

JEM. Yes; that is, I have heard of him. (*aside*) What a piece of news for my master! Lord Totterley, eh?

CHINTZ. Yes; he's the bridegroom; to-morrow they are to be married.

JEM. (*aside.*) The devil! (*aloud.*) You don't say so!

CHINTZ. I do. But I'm sure she won't be happy, for his lordship is more than sixty years of age, an l is such a silly old fool– quite valetudinari*us* and *hoppy condrobical.*

JEM. (*musing.*) You don't say so?

CHINTZ. I do. He's old enough to be her grandfather.

JEM. The more fool she, then, to marry him.

CHINTZ. Why, you see, Jem, she does it for the sake of his money.

JEM. How dem'd *platological!*—how excessively *surrep- titious!*

CHINTZ. His lordship is rich, and missis's father has just lost all his property by the breaking up of a bank.

JEM. Ah, a *savings* bank, I suppose. I lost two pound ten and fourpence, in the same way—the treasurer *evaporated.*

CHINTZ. And it is to save her father from a prison that she is going to marry the old lord.

JEM. How *mater*—how exquisitively *mythological!*

CHINTZ. It is, indeed, Jem; I pity her—I do, really, for I

know she is breaking her heart for a young man she was promised to, in the country.

JEM. Promised to a young man in the country? You don't say so?

CHINTZ. I do. What a dreadful thing it is to be poor, isn't it, Jem?

JEM. Excruciating!—that's what keeps us from being *connuberal*, isn't it, Polly?

CHINTZ. It is, indeed, Jem—I wish we could get a prize in the lottery, or something

JEM. Ah, I wish we could! then we'd get married, take a *gin* shop—I mean a wine vaults, and be respectable *licensed victuallers*. Good bye, Polly—I must go—good bye!

CHINTZ. Good bye—what, are you going, Jem? don't you mean to take me to the Zoological Gardens?

JEM. Why, you see it's very late, and master may want the cab, so I must go. (*aside.*) I must tell him the news about the old gentleman. (*aloud.*) Good bye, Polly—good bye—(*trying to kiss her.*) Just one!

CHINTZ. No, Jem, it ain't proper.

JEM. (*going.*) Oh, very well.

CHINTZ. But if you insist upon it, and will take off your *mustarches*, why—

JEM. *Certainment, oui!* (*taking off moustachios.*) There, now! (*kisses her.*) Good bye—good bye! we must be *licensed victuallers*. *Exit*, L.

CHINTZ. What a dear fellow! I love him more and more every time I see him. Oh, dear! what a dreadful thing it is to be obliged to keep single, when one wants to be married. (*a knock.*) Ha! there is Miss Bloomfield come home at last.

Enter LOUISA BLOOMFIELD, L., *in morning costume.*

LOUISA. (*faintly.*) Give me a chair, Chintz.

CHINTZ. (*handing one.*) Yes, miss! La, miss, what's the matter? you look ill—what has happened?

LOUISA. Oh, Chintz, I have had such a dreadful shock!—such an unfortunate meeting! I have seen him, Chintz.

CHINTZ. Seen him! who, miss? (*aside.*) Not my Jem, I hope.

LOUISA. The only being I wished to have avoided—the only person I dreaded to meet—Charles Danvers.

CHINTZ. The gentleman you were to have been married to, in the country—oh, dear—I'm so sorry! Where did you see him, miss?

LOUISA. In Regent Street; just as I was leaving my milliner's

he saw me, Chintz, and I am certain has followed the carriage home. What will become of me?

CHINTZ. Ah, miss, it's very distressing—very unfortunate, indeed. I don't know how to advise you. *(aside.)* Oh, I'm so glad I'm not a young lady, to be obliged to marry an old twaddling lord, against my inclination. I'd rather be a servant, and marry a man I loved, and could be comfortable with.

LOUISA. I dread to reflect on my conduct to Danvers, after the vows that passed between us. How can I meet him as the promised wife of another! what will he think—what will he say to me?

Enter THOMAS, L., *announcing*—Mr. Danvers!

Enter DANVERS, L.—*Exit* THOMAS, L.

DANVERS. Louisa—my dear Louisa. *(embracing her.)*

LOUISA. Oh, Charles, why are you here—why have you followed me? If you love me, leave me—your presence here exposes me to misery and ruin.

DANVERS. *(astonished.)* Misery and ruin! what mean you, Louisa?

LOUISA. Spare me, Charles, spare me the recital of the unhappy events which have urged me to the fatal step I am about to take. Do not despise, but pity me, Charles—I am going to be married

DANVERS. *(emphatically.)* Married!

LOUISA. Calm yourself, Charles—pray be calm; fate has so decreed it. The banker in whose hands the whole of my father's property was placed, has failed; and it is to save my parent from a prison that I sacrifice my happiness, by becoming the wife of Lord Totterly.

DANVERS. Lord Totterly! Oh, Louisa! can you marry him?—an old infirm *rouè!* Do not, I intreat you, sell yourself to age and vice! do not become that miserable—that degraded slave, a *purchased* wife.

LOUISA. Oh, Charles! in mercy spare me! do not add to my misery. Though I sacrifice all that is dear to me—though my heart may break, I *will* save my father! Farewell, dearest friend—we must part. I dare not see you again—farewell! Forget me, Charles—forget one whom stern necessity alone has forced to renounce you—farewell! farewell!

(she sinks into a chair.

DANVERS. Dearest Louisa! I will no longer distress you by my presence; I obey your wish—we *will* part—I resign you, in doing so, I become a lost and miserable man. Farewell, dearest! in other lands I will seek a home—try to forget the

friends I leave behind, and find relief and happiness in the grave. Farewell, Louisa! on this dear hand let me imprint one kiss of love, respect, and resignation.

(DANVERS *kneels and kisses her hand*—LORD TOTTERLY *enters hastily*, L.—*he starts on seeing* DANVERS *on his knees*—CHINTZ *snatches some shoes from the* R. *table—kneels down on* R. *of* LOUISA, *who is seated* C. *and pretends to be trying them on—Picture.*

LORD T. Ah! what is all this? (*putting up his eye glass*)

CHINTZ. Try these, Mr. Hobbs—those are too small.

LORD T. Oh, he's only a shoe-maker! I took him for something worse.

CHINTZ. Dear me, how awkward you are, Mr. Hobbs—let me put it on. (*putting shoe on* LOUISA'S *foot.*) Ah! that's better, isn't it, miss? (*looking up with great simplicity.*) Oh, there's my lord! now your lordship is a judge of these matters—don't you think that shoe fits beautiful?

LORD T. Oh, beautiful! beautiful! never saw anything *better* in my life.

CHINTZ. No more did I, my lord, *never!* La! miss, I declare the exertion has quite brought the colour into your face! How could you be so stupid, Mr. Hobbs, as not to bring a shoe horn; how is it possible to get on new slippers without one? You are a pretty fellow for a shoe maker—you shan't work for me.

LORD T. Hem! Miss Bloomfield, when you have done with Mr. Hobbs, I would speak a few words with you.

LOUISA. (*rising.*) Certainly, my lord; I am at your service.

CHINTZ. Good morning, Mr. Hobbs; you had better take this pair back—(*giving him a pair of shoes.*)—they won't do at all, and when the others are done, bring them home immediately—the wedding is to take place to-morrow, so, (*pointing.*) I would advise you to bring them home *to-night.* How could you come without a shoe horn, you stupid fellow. (*pointing.*) What *would* you have done without me? (*pushes him off*, L.)

LORD T. Now, Louisa, my dearest love, I called to tell you—(*seeing* CHINTZ, *who is listening, and when observed, pretends to be folding up a shawl.*) Mistress Chintz, your absence is more desired than your presence—do me the favour to amuse yourself in another apartment.

CHINTZ. Certainly, my lord. (*aside.*) Ugly old fool! He won't be long without a shoe horn! *Exit*, L.

LORD T. I came to tell you, my dearest love, that I have been to the Acre, and have seen our carriage; it is the most elegant thing ever seen—a perfect picture! I want to consult with you, *ma belle ange*, on the point of the linings. What

colour do you prefer?—would you like *ponceau*, *vermeille*, *fleur d'orange*, or *coleur de rose*? I should recommend the latter as best assimilating to the blooming complexion of the lovely being who will grace the vehicle with her resplendent charms.

(*bowing.*

LOUISA. Your taste, my lord, is so exquisite, I must decline making any choice. (*sighing.*) Whatever pleases you, *must* please me.

LORD T. Oh, you flatter! (*aside.*) Dear creature! how fond she is of me—I must be getting young again—*vive l'amour!* I'm still a *beau garçon*—still a *mauvais sujet.* Ha, ha, ha!—all the women are in love with me. (*aloud.*) My dearest love, have you everything you wish for?—can I present you with any little *bijou* or *objet?* I'll fly on the wings of love—*appropos* of "Love,"—I have written an epigram upon him; you shall hear it.

"Love is a little teaze—a,
And difficult to please—a,
Sweet as a summer breeze—a,
And charming as Louisa!"

Ha, ha, ha!—pretty isn't it?—quite in the Byronic style—"Sweet as a summer breeze—a!" very imaginative that; so uncommon, so expressive of warmth, green fields, and flowers—I'll have it copied on pink paper, and send it to one of the annuals. But my dearest love, you seem dull! Tell me how I can put you in spirits—I would do anything to make you happy.

LOUISA. Would you, my lord? (*sighing.*) Ah, it is in your power to make me very happy—but nothing you can *purchase* will make me so.

LORD T. (*patting her cheek.*) Affectionate creature! (*aside.*) How she loves me!—how delicately she hints that I am the sole object of her regard, and that the possession of me is the only thing that can make her happy! Charming Louisa, I understand your kind insinuation—to-morrow I will present to you the man you love—

LOUISA. My lord?

LORD T. My unworthy self; and shall be glad to purchase happiness by making you my wife.

LOUISA. (*aside.*) *Purchase* happiness!—oh, misery—'tis true, he does purchase me! (*staggers to a chair.*) Oh, father, to what degradation have I doomed myself for your sake!

LORD T. Oh, what's the matter?—she's going to faint—what shall I do?—I'm not so active on these occasions as I used to be. (*slapping her hands, fanning her with his hat, &c.*)

Louisa—Louisa!—my dearest love, don't faint; I shall let you fall if you do—what is the matter?

Louisa. Nothing—nothing, my lord—the heat of the weather, 'tis nothing.

Lord T. Ah, I dare say it is the weather; and that confounded Hobbs, the shoemaker—I saw you were flushed when I entered the room. (*ringing hand bell.*)

Enter Chintz, L.

Mistress Chintz, attend to your lady—the heat of the weather, and the awkwardness of that shoemaker have been too much for her—don't let the fellow come here again. You'll be better soon, my dearest. Adieu, *ma belle—au revoir!* I'm sure your agitation was caused by that confounded Hobbs—I shall detest shoemakers and the name of Hobbs as long as I live.

Exit, L.

Louisa. Is he gone, Chintz?

Chintz. Do you mean my lord, miss, or Mr. Hobbs, the shoemaker? (*pointedly.*)

Louisa. Charles, Charles—where is he—is he gone?

Chintz. Yes, miss; I followed him down stairs, and saw him out. Poor dear young young man, he'll commit *parricide* or fall into the sea, or do something uncommonly dreadful. Oh, miss, he looked just like what we read of the "*Last* Man." I don't mean a shoemaker—he looked as if he were alone in the world, and didn't know what to do with himself.

Louisa. Poor fellow!

Chintz. Ah, miss, poor fellow indeed! he did look very poorly. He walked down stairs, stopping at every third step to thump his head, and button and unbutton his coat; so for fear my lord might come, or any of the servants should see him, I thought I'd try to get him out quietly. I tapped him on the shoulder—well, he started like they do in the plays—"Chintz," said he, holding both my hands, and looking me full in the face—"Chintz, you are a good girl—a very good girl—I won't forget your kindness." Then he felt in his pockets, but I suppose he couldn't find any money—"Tell your mistress—" then he hit his forehead, and *shaked* his head and *crunshed* up his hat—"tell your mistress not to despair—I will see her again." Then he *squeezed* my hands in his, ready to *crunsh* 'em like his poor hat, and stared in my face with his eyes as red as fire—"tell her she shall be mine, in spite of the devil and all the lords in the world." Then he ran down stairs, dashed through the door, jumped into a dirty cab, and vanished round the corner.

LOUISA. Poor Charles! it grieves me to part with him; yes, 'tis unavoidable—should you hear anything of him, Chintz, do not fail to let me know immediately. *Exit*, R.

CHINTZ. Yes, miss, Poor young lady, what a victim she is of the tender passion—tender! I'm sure it's anything but tender; for it's very *hard* to bear. I know what her feelings are, for I'm a *victim* myself. Oh, dear! I wish parliament would make a law for the encouragement of matrimony—It would prevent a great deal of mischief, and be a real blessing to ladies' own maids, and gentlemen's tigers. *Exit* L.

SCENE II.—*A Handsome Chamber—a practical window*, R. C. *and door in flat*, L. C.—(*2nd grooves.*)

FLAMMER. (*without.*) Miller! Miller! James! James! where the devil are you?

Enter FLAMMER, *in a dressing-gown*, L.

I wonder what has become of my rascally tiger—he's always out of the way when I want him—always attending to his own business, and neglecting mine

Enter JEM, *in his livery*, D. *in* F.

JEM. Want me, sir?

FLAM. So, you've come home at last, you rascal! I've a great mind to discharge you for your neglect. Where have you been, sir?

JEM. Looking after the horse, and seeing them clean the cab, sir. I've such a piece of news for you, sir.

FLAM. News! what news?

JEM. 'Tickler bad, sir—it's all up with you, sir—you are dished—regularly floored, and distinguished!

FLAM. What do you mean? have the bailiffs followed me from Cambridge, or has that confounded beadle—

JEM. Oh, worse than that, sir, a precious fight! you'll be regularly done up, and put by—quite smashed.

FLAM. Speak out, sir—what's the matter?

JEM. Why, sir, your uncle, Lord Totterly, is going to show fight, and enter the ring again.

FLAM. What the devil do you mean by show fight, and enter the ring again?

JEM. Why, sir, the stupid old fool—

FLAM. What, sir!

JEM. I mean, my lord—your uncle, sir—is going to be married.

FLAM. Married! (*astonished.*)

JEM. Yes, sir, he has been in training for it some time.

FLAM. My uncle marry, at his time of life! What could have induced him to think of such a thing! Marry at sixty!

JEM. Oh, sir, that's nothing—the older a man grows, the more foolisher he gets, 'specially where women are concerned, the old 'uns are '*tickler* conceited on that point—all of 'em.

FLAM. 'Tis cursed unlucky! What the devil's to be done? I must not let my uncle make a fool of himself—I must prevent this marriage.

JEM. Certainly, sir; but how will you set about it?

FLAM. I must concert some scheme. Who is the lady?

JEM. Miss Louisa Bloomfield, a lovely young girl, sir, rising eighteen years old, sir—just what you would call a Venus of *medicine!*

FLAM. Indeed! How did you obtain your information?

JEM. I keep company with her maid, sir—she told it me promiscuously. Your uncle, sir, begging your pardon, will stand but a poor chance, for Miss loves a young man who is down in the country; so I think, when a young woman marries an old man, and loves a young one, the old un's rather awkwardly situated.

FLAM. This is an unexpected misfortune — 'twill play the devil with my future prospects. Do you know when this confounded marriage is to take place?

JEM. To-morrow morning, sir.

FLAM. So soon! no time is to be lost, then! (*taking off his dressing gown.*) Get me my coat; I'll go to his lordship at once; perhaps I may persuade him from his folly.

NIBBLE. (*without.*) I will go up, I tell you! you dare to stop me!

VOICE. (*without.*) But I say you shan't!—I will stop you!

FLAM. Hollo! what's the matter? look out, Jem. (JEM MILLER *goes out at* D. *in* F.) I'm afraid some of my Cambridge friends have found me out.

Enter JEM MILLER, *at* D. *in* F., *he locks it.*

JEM. Another floorer, sir; you are wanted for the bill you forgot to pay at Cambridge; the bailiffs are in the house, and forcing their way up stairs.

FLAM. Confound the rascals! I'll make my escape! (*going towards the door, a violent knocking is heard at it*)

NIBBLE. (*without.*) Let me in, let me in! open the door!

FLAM. They shan't have me; I'll jump out of the window! (*opening it.*) Jem, put them off the scent, and follow me to Mr. Danvers' chambers in the Temple; I'll give them a run

U. C. ILL. LIB.

for it, at all events—here goes! (*he gets out at the window*, R. C. JEM *puts on the dressing gown, sticks on his mustachios, and walks up and down.* NIBBLE *and* CATCH *force the door*, L. C. *and enter.*)

NIBBLE. Well, I say Mr. Flammer, arn't you a nice article, to give us such a sight of trouble? Why did you lock the door? It's o' no use your trying to queer us; we are sure to have you, sooner or later. Come, it's no use your walking up and down in that furious way—it won't do you no good—we've got you, so make up your mind to the concarn. Come, put on your coat, for I've got to nab six or seven more swindlers, so come along; put on your togs. Will you walk it, or have a rattler?

JEM. (*turning round.*) A rattler! Damme, I'll give you a rattler, if you don't be off! (BAILIFFS *stare.*) Ha! ha! ha! we've done you, old un! Master has bolted, and is in another county by this time; ha! ha! ha! it's no use trying to queer you, is it? ha! ha! ha!

NIBBLE. He has escaped out of the window; Sam, run down to the door. (*Exit* CATCH, L. C.) We'll have him yet—I'll work you for this, Mr. Bull-and-mouth! I'll teach you to assist an escape. *He gets out at the window;* JEM *pushes him, he disappears—a crash is heard.*)

JEM. Ha! ha! ha! he has gone bang through a sky-light! Ha! ha! ha! poor devil! ha! ha! ha! *Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Temple.* (*4th grooves*) *A practicable window in flat*, R., *or entrance door*, L., *two chairs and a table*, C., *with a luncheon tray, on which is cold beef, &c.*

Enter DANVERS, L.

DANVERS. This, then, is the death of all my hopes—the end of all my dreams of happiness. Louisa has forsaken me, and to-morrow will be the wife of another. She is lost to me for ever—yes, for ever. I have resigned her. I must strive to forget her. Forget!—would that were possible? (*a knock.*) Who's there—is it you, Thomas?

Enter BILL DOWNY, L.

BILL. It arn't Thomas—it be I.

DANVERS. Well, what do you want?

BILL. Nothing. *I* don't want nothing—but there's a man below what wants you.

DANVERS. Wants me; what man?

BILL. How should I know—I never seed him afore.

DANVERS. What does he want?

BILL. He wants you, I tell ye.

DANVERS. I know; but what does he want with me?

BILL. How should I know? I didn't ax 'im.

DANVERS. Leave the room.

BILL. I woul. (*going.*) Shall I send up the chap?

DANVERS. Yes.

BILL. (*calling.*) Here! come up, you sir! (*touching his head.*) I wants a penny o' you, Mr. Danvers.

DANVERS. A penny?

BILL. Yes, a penny—it's my regular. When I answers for a gentleman and brings people up to him, I always expects it. If so be they be gentlemen as axes for any one, I gets it o' them; but if so be they ain't, why I gets it o' them they axes for. The chap wot wants you ain't no gentleman, so I wants the penny o' you. Dub up! (*holding out his hand.*)

DANVERS. (*giving money.*) There, send the man up, and bring me some porter.

BILL. I woul—thank you, sir. If you wants any arrans done, you knows where to find me. I's always on the look out down at the gate. I charges either by time or distance, accordin'—and if it arn't convenient to pay when I ha' done the work, why, as you are a gentleman, I'll trust you a penny or so. I arn't particular to them I knows. (*calling.*) Come up, you sir! Servant, Mr. Danvers. Porter, you said—I likes half-and-half. *Exit*, L.

DANVERS. I wonder who can want to see me? Perhaps some messenger from Louisa. No, that is impossible—she does not know my address.

Enter FLAMMER, L., *in a fustian jacket and paper cap.*

FLAM. Danvers! my dear fellow, how are you? Don't you know me, eh?

DANVERS. What, Flammer, is it you? Why, what have you been about? What is the meaning of that singular costume?

FLAM. It's eccentric, isn't it? I have been coursed. The truth is, the greyhounds were after me—"Middlesex to wit," you know—suspicion of debt; caught dressing—jumped out of a window—ran along the roof of an outhouse—trying to step over a skylight, fell through it into the next house—scrambled up, and ran into the next street—greyhounds close at my heels—got round a corner—dashed into a public house—told my story—borrowed this jacket and cap from a patriotic painter——sallied out again—upset three old apple-women—embraced a

sweep—floored a policeman, and amid the stimulating shout of "Stop thief!" "Go it, swell!" and "Bravo painter!" I've reached your chambers. There is a full, true, and particular account of the miraculous escape of your most obedient, Frisk Flammer! Now, if you have no objection, I will help you to demolish some of that cold beef—coursing makes one hungry (*sitting at table and eating*).

DANVERS. Make yourself at home, I beg. You will want something to drink—will you take wine or porter?

FLAM. Oh, porter, by all means. I could drink a gallon.

DANVERS. My laundress is from home, but I'll procure some—(*opens door*, L.) Bill!

BILL. (*without.*) Sur!

DANVERS. Bring the porter.

BILL. (*without.*) Yes, sur.

FLAM. (*eating.*) You would have laughed, Danvers, to have seen the astonishment of the people into whose house I tumbled. They were at dinner; I fell upon the table, upset a tureen of soup over an old lady, smashed the glasses, broke the crockery, overset the table, trod upon a lap-dog, knocked down an old gentleman, and made my escape to the rattling of plates and glasses, the screaming of the old lady, the roaring of the old gentleman, and the yelping of the lap-dog— Ha, ha, ha! A bull in a china-shop could not have been a more formidable intruder, or have done more mischief.

Enter BILL DOWNEY, L., *with a pot of porter.*

BILL. Here be the porter, sur; you didn't say how much, so I ha' brought a pot.

FLAM. That's your sort! give me hold. (*taking it and drinking.*)

BILL. (*astonished.*) Well, I calls that uncommon imp'rent! I say, Mr. Danvers, do you stand that 'ere? Look at the painter!

FLAM. Painter! ha, ha, ha! (*throwing his cap at* BILL.) Why, you stupid old scarecrow—do you take me for a painter?

BILL. In course I does. I suppose you calls yourself a *hartist?* Well, I'm blowed if he hasn't got a pair of spurs on as long as my harm! Who wouldn't be a *hartest?* I say, Mr. painter, I should like to see you riding a plank, between two ladders, a painting a shop front—you'd do it prime! (*imitating a painter at work.*)

FLAM. Your servant seems a free-and-easy sort of fellow!

BILL. Sarvant! I arn't no sarvant of his'n, Mr. Painter. I aren't got no master—I'm in the gentleman line.

FLAM. In the gentleman line! What do you mean by that?

BILL. Why, I does what I likes! if I likes to work, I does—and if I doesn't, I doesn't—according as I pleases—so I am a gentleman, arn't I?

FLAM. Certainly. I see you know what constitutes a gentleman.

BILL. In course I does. I knows all about it, thof there be some rum 'uns in that line as well as another—aren't there, Mr. Danvers?

DANVERS. Certainly—no rule without an exception.

BILL. In course—no fool without a reflection, as you says.—Now, this painter friend o'yourn—now he be a case in *pint*.

DANVERS. In what way?

FLAM. Ah, let's have it! give us your case in *pint*, old boy.

BILL. I arn't a speaking to you, Mr. Painter. I draws my *hin*ference in this here way. Look at 'un—(*points to* FLAMMERS.) he be like a pint o' half-and-half—neither one thing nor 'tother—half swell, half painter—a would-if-I-could sort of a chap. He wants to pass for a gentleman, but it won't do. Them wot is gentlemen twigs the painter, thof he does sport spurs.

FLAM. Do you mean to insinuate, then, that you are a gentleman?

BILL. In course I are—and a real gentleman, that's more, Mr. Painter.

FLAM. Ha, ha, ha! (*aside to* DANVERS.) This fellow is a character—I'll draw him out. (*aloud, laughing violently.*) A gentleman! ha, ha, ha!

BILL. You may ha, ha, ha! as much as you like, but I are a gentleman. I aren't a swell, I grant you—but if I pays my way, never does no wrong to no one, takes care of my old mother, helps them as is worser off than myself, and am ready to serve my country if required, I says I are a gentleman. Arn't I right, Mr. Danvers? It's the conduct—it arn't the toggery.

DANVERS. You are right; many a man who wears a good coat is not a gentleman, though he may pass for one. I see you are an observer of life—how did you pick up your information and knowledge of the world?

BILL. I don't know, sir; sometimes one time, and sometimes another—thof I larnt the most when I was a literary man.

FLAM. (*bursting into a laugh.*) A literary man! How do you mean?

BILL. I carried out the newspapers—I helped to spread knowledge and amusement. What literary man does more?

FLAM. Right again! I see you are a philosopher. But tell

me, in what way did you obtain your practical knowledge—what principle do you go upon?

BILL. Why, upon a honest principle—to work for my living and never steal nothing.

FLAM. How came you, then, to cut the news establishment?

BILL. Why, I met with a misfortun.

FLAM. A misfortune! How?

BILL. Why, I found something.

FLAM. Found something! you mean you stole something.

BILL. No, I doesn't—I means what I says. I found something—something that ruined me.

FLAM. Indeed! what was it?

BILL. Seven pounds, ten shillings—all in ha'pence. I picked it up in the street.

FLAM. Why, how could that ruin you?

BILL. 'Cause it did. I got drunk for a whole fortnight and lost my place— But it larnt me a lesson.

FLAM. Never to pick up anything in the street, I suppose.

BILL. No, it warn't that.

FLAM. What was it, then?

BILL. Never to get drunk and neglect my duty.

FLAM. A very useful lesson, indeed. But couldn't you get some other employment?

BILL. No; I had got a bad character, and nobody would have me. Character is all a poor man's got to depend upon—if he loses that, he's sure to go to ruin.

FLAM. Hundreds have proved it so. But how did you get your living?

BILL. Why, I don't know. I did all sorts o' things. I held *hosses* for gentlemen in the streets, ran arrans for the cooks, and cleaned shoes. I did think of buying a broom and setting up for a sweeper, but I couldn't get never a crossin'.

FLAM. I don't understand.

BILL. Why, they were all engaged by gentlemen wot paid for their places; so, as I hadn't got no money to tip the street-sweepers' 'sociation, I war obligated to give up the hidea of a public hoffice, and turn waggabond.

FLAM. How was that?

BILL. Why, I went on the stage.

FLAM. What! turned actor?

BILL. Yes, I used to hact.

FLAM. Hamlet and Romeo, I suppose?

BILL. No—I war a pantomime hactor.

FLAM. Oh, you played harlequin.

BILL. No, I didn't—I played the hind legs of the helephant.

FLAM. (*laughing.*) The hind legs of the elephant!

BILL. Yes, I did—fifty-three successful nights.
(*imitating the walk of an elephant.*

FLAM. Astonishing effort of genius.

BILL. Ah, you may say that. It required a deal of genius, I can tell you. There's a hart even in hacting a helephant's legs. You can find out the stager from the *hammerture* by the way he does the walk and makes a hexit. I might have been a hactor now, but I met with a misfortun.

FLAM. Indeed! in what way!

BILL. Why, my partner, wot did the fore legs and I happened to fall hout when we was hin the helephant—so we had a fight, and the consequence was, we upset the whole consarn.

FLAM. Ha, ha! what a calamity!

BILL. It were, indeed; I shall never forget the row. How the people laughed, and how the manager swore! Well, in course I got the bag, and was turned out—they wouldn't have no *stupid numeries* what wasn't peaceable and *ille*gitimate—so I learnt another lesson.

FLAM. What was it?

BILL. Never to lose my temper and kick up a row.

FLAM. What did you take to next?

BILL. Why I went into the mercantile line. I sold clothes props and pegs—but it didn't answer.

FLAM. Why not?

BILL. Why, for this here reason; I bought my wood, and others in the same line stole their's, so they could afford to undersell me, and I had no chance of getting a penny unless I did the same, or stole 'em ready made, so I retired from business and comed here. Now I runs o' arrans, cleans shoes, and does all sorts o'things, All the gentlemen in the place knows me, and when I does anything for 'em I don't make a' strawagant charge, I generally leaves it to their generosity. Here's your change out o' the shilling for the beer, sir. (*putting his hand to his head.*)

DANVERS. You may keep it for your trouble.

BILL. Sir, you are a real gentleman; I always thought you were, and now I am sure of it. Thank ye, sir—sarvant—— (*going.*) Sir—(*beckoning* DANVERS *to him.*)—I axes pardon, sir, for what I am going to say—you'll excuse me, but I'd advise you not to 'sociate with that painter chap. I thinks he's no good, and shouldn't be at all surprised if he wur one o' the swell mob. Be awake. Done with the porter, sir? *Exit*, L.

FLAM. Ha, ha, ha! A very singular fellow, that; he's no fool, at all events. But what the deuce is the matter with you, Danvers? You look as melancholy as a ruined Greek. Have you lost a woman, or have your creditors been troublesome?

it must be one or other, to make you look so doleful. Tell me, what is it annoys you? perhaps I may be able to assist you—you know you may command me.

DANVERS. I thank you for your kindness, but your assistance would, I fear, be of very little service to me, although the cause of my unhappiness is connected with your family.

FLAM. Indeed! You are not in love with my sister, are you?

DANVERS. No; but your uncle is about to marry a lady who was to be my wife.

FLAM. What! are you the young man in the country? Are you the lover of Miss Bloomfield? Give me your hand, my dear fellow. Don't be cast down—you shall have her. I'll break off the match—I'll prevent my uncle from making a fool of himself. Don't shake your head; I will do it. I am as much interested in the affair as you are. It is my duty to interfere, and for once in my life I'll be a dutiful nephew. Do you think that fellow who was here just now can be trusted?

DANVERS. Yes, but—

FLAM. Very well; follow my instructions, and ask no questions. What's his name?

DANVERS. Bill.

FLAM. (*at window.*) Here, Bill, you rascal, come up here!

DANVERS. But what do you mean to do? What—

FLAM. Not a word. If you'll shut your eyes and open your mouth, you'll *see* what we will send you.

Enter BILL DOWNEY, L.

Bill, my noble Roman, come here!

BILL. Come, I say, don't you call names, Mr. Painter. I aren't a Roman—I'm a Methodist.

FLAM. How is your wife, Bill?

BILL. Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Painter—how is your'n?

FLAM. Let me undeceive you, Bill; I am not a painter, but a gentleman. I have assumed this disguise to escape from the bailiffs, who wanted me on suspicion of debt. Now to prove my respectability, and act up to the character, there's a crown for you.

BILL. (*touching his head.*) Thank you, sir. Well, if I didn't think you was a gentleman all along—now I'm sure of it. Beg pardon, sir—but a paper cap and a fustian jacket does make a man look such a blackguard.

FLAM. Now I have convinced you of my respectability, I suppose you will have no objection to assist me in an affair of importance.

BILL. It isn't to take a *chick* to a banking-house, is it? I

took one once for a gentleman I met promiscuously—like I does you—and it were a forgery. They wanted to hang me for it, but I got off, 'acause I proved I couldn't write—so I'm up that way.

FLAM. No, no—'tis nothing of that sort.

BILL. Oh, very well. I'll undertake anything else, and do it in good style, I promise you.

FLAM. Do you think now, that you could manage to pass for a gentleman?

BILL. *Pass* for a gentleman! come, I likes that! Aren't I a gentleman? I believe I are—above a bit—and a real one, too! If you were to see me in my Sunday toggery, you'd take me for a *h*alderman, or a *Hem P.*—and I've got manners to match.

FLAM. Very well; now go home, put on the Sunday toggery you are so proud of and return here immediately.

BILL. How much will you give me?

FLAM. A sovereign.

BILL. And a pot of half-and-half?

FLAM. Very well.

BILL. I'll do it. You won't know me again, I shall be such a swell—an out-and-out gentleman—such a one as you never afore seed. *(returning.)* Have you done with the porter?

Exit, L.

DANVERS. Now then, what do you mean to do? let me know your plan?

FLAM. I won't. Wait patiently, and all will be well. I will prevent my uncle from making a fool of himself, and restore to your arms the woman of your heart. Don't ask questions. Lend me a coat—trust in fortune, and rely on the friendship of Frisk Flammer. *Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene I.*

Enter LORD TOTTERLY, R.

LORD T. The happy moment will soon arrive, when, for the second time, I am to become a bridegroom. Egad, the idea quite exhiraates me! I feel just as buoyant and *debonair* as I did five-and-thirty years ago, when I married my first wife, poor dear Lady Totterly. I'm quite a young fellow yet—who knows what may happen? my graceless nephew, Frisk, may have a dozen little cousins to keep him in countenance. But where is my Louisa, my future lady? I hope the dear girl is prepared. I dare say her little heart beats with pleasure at the

idea of becoming Lady Totterly. I don't know how it is, bu she has never been herself since that confounded Hobbs, th shoemaker, pinched her dear little toes—a bungling rascal!

Enter ROBERT, L.

Well, sir?

ROBERT. Please your lordship, James Miller, your nephew's groom, wishes to speak with you immediately, on most particular business relating to his master.

LORD T. Send him up. *Exit* ROBERT, L.

What can be the matter? Has the wild dog been thrashing any more proctors, or has he broke his neck in a steeple chase?

Enter JEM MILLER, L.

Well, James, what is the matter—how is your master? (JEM *shakes his head.*) Why don't you speak, sir?—what do you shake your head for?

JEM. Oh, my lord—such a *concatenation*, my lord!

LORD T. A what? What do you mean, man? Speak English, sir.

JEM. So I does, my lord. The English of it is my lord, my master has got into a row, my lord—he has—he has—

LORD T. What, sir, has he done?

JEM. Run off with a young woman, my lord?

LORD T. Is that all? I thought he had broke his neck.

JEM. (*aside.*) All! the old poacher! (*aloud.*) But that's not the worst, my lord; there has been an excessive rumpus about it, my lord—and my master has been obliged to *bolt*, my lord.

LORD T. Bolt!

JAMES. Yes—*mizzle*, my lord.

LORD T. Mizzle!

JEM. Yes—*cut* and *run*, you know, my lord. *Evaporate*, my lord.

LORD T. Cut and run—evaporate! Do you mean that he has been obliged to abscond?

JEM. Yes, my lord—he has been obliged to *absconce*, my lord, and has come up to town, your lordship, my lord.

LORD T. Indeed! where is he?

JEM. At the hotel at the corner, my lord. He was afraid to show himself, my lord, until I had made you acquainted with the particulars of the *insurrection*, my lord.

LORD T. Tell him to come here immediately.

JEM. Yes, my lord. (*going.*)

LORD T. And do you hear, sir—(*giving money.*) don't chatter to the servants—don't mention the *little* affair to anybody.

JEM. Little affair? Oh, about the young woman, my lord —oh, no, my lord—close as wax, my lord—mum as a mouse-trap. I won't split, my lord—honour among thieves, my lord. *Exit* L.

LORD T. So, so, Master Frisk has got into another scrape! A young rascal! Run off with a young woman, eh? (*lau hing.*) How very wrong! I must lecture him severely. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I dare say he couldn't help it—'tis a misfortune that runs in the blood of Totterly's. I was just like him myself, ha, ha, ha! *Was* like him! damme, I'm like him now! (*sings.*) Tol de rol lol! *vive l'amour!* (*dancing.*) La, la, la!

Enter CHINTZ, L., *he dances up to her.*

CHINTZ. Please your lordship, Miss Bloomfield sent me to say—

LORD T. (*taking her hand.*) Sent you to say, my little darling—tol de riddle lol—what has she sent you to say? (*chucking her under the chin.*)

CHINTZ. Oh, my lord! She sent me to say she wished to see your lordship immediately.

LORD T. Then I'll go to her immediately. You look devilish handsome to-day, Chintz, (*tickling her.*) upon my life you do.

CHINTZ. Don't my lord—don't be rude.

LORD T. Rude! you little devil, I've a great mind to kiss you—I have, indeed!

CHINTZ. Oh, fie, my lord! What would Miss Bloomfield say?

LORD T. Say? Why she'd say I was a great rake—that's what she would say, you little devil. (*kisses her.*)

Enter JEM MILLER *hastily*—CHINTZ *goes up*—LORD TOTTERLY *takes snuff.*—*Tableau.*

JEM. Master will be here directly— Eh! (*after a pause.*) I'm an undone tiger! he has got hold of my Polly! I'm settled! (*goes up.*)

LORD T. Very well—very well, James. I'll see him in my study. (*crosses* R.) Devil take the fellow! he has spoilt a delightful bit of flirtation. *N'importe!* I'll be more on my guard next time. *Exit*, R.

(CHINTZ *endeavours to steal off*—JEM *prevents her, brings her forward, buttons his coat, goes up to her as if about to speak, is overcome with passion, and cannot get out a word; knocks his hat over his eyes, and takes the stage with tremendous strides*—CHINTZ *follows him.*

CHINTZ. Now, Jem—now *do* stop, and listen to me.

JEM. Go away, marm—go away; don't speak to me—don't

look at me, you crocodile—you woodpecker—you rattlesnake—you sea serpent—you mock turtle—you young villain—yo d—d rascal!

CHINTZ. Now don't go on so, Jem. I couldn't help it!

JEM. Couldn't help it! oh, you false parricide—you deludin vagabond—you liked it, or you would have called out. I'v done with you, marm. You shall never be a licensed victualle —never be Mrs. James Miller—never be the venerable mothe of little tigers and ladies' maids!

CHINTZ. Oh, Jem, don't say so.

JEM. Don't call me Jem! Go away, Miss Mary Chintz. I won't stand no nonsense; you've cut up my feelings, scarifie my heart, and turned me topsy turvy. I shall go home, and make up my mind how to kill myself without pain, and in the most *uneffectual* manner. Good bye! I shall be in the newspaper to-morrow, among the "Accidents and Offences"—look out for "The Horrible Death of a Gentleman's Tiger!" I shall write the particulars of the dreadful murder myself, so that all the world may know your *perfiddery*, and *thorough baseness*. I'll blow out my brains, and cut my throat from *hear* to *hear*!

CHINTZ. Now don't, Jem—'twould so disfigure you. If you must commit *felony*, take *Persian* acid—that's the genteelist and most fashionable way of *doing* for yourself. But don't be cross, dear—I don't deserve your reproaches—I don't, indeed. Now do forgive me—it shan't occur again. I wouldn't make you unhappy Jem, for all the lords and dukes in the world. Now do forgive me, there's a dear! Won't you, Jem—won't you? (*trying to coax him.*)

JEM. (*roughly.*) No, I won't.

CHINTZ. Now, dear Jem, I am so sorry—so vexed—so angry with myself, so—Jem, your neckcloth is untied; let me tie it for you.

JEM. (*pushing her off, and turning away his head.*) No! it don't matter—let it alone.

CHINTZ. (*turning his face to her and tying his neckcloth.*) Isn't this one I hemmed for you? La, I'm sure it is—I know the work; what pains I took with it for your sake. Jem, you're not angry with me now, are you?

JEM. (*turning away his head, pretending roughness.*) Yes, I am!

CHINTZ. No, you are not, Jem; I know you are not—I'm sure you forgive me. I can see your lips smile, although you hide your eyes. Oh, Jem, do make it up with me. (*bursts into tears and falls into his arms—he kisses her.*)

JEM. Well, I do forgive you, Polly; but take care what you are about in future. I won't stand it.

CHINTZ. Oh, don't be alarmed—it shan't happen again. But say, Jem, what brought you here? Does my lord know your master?

JEM. I should think so—Lord Totterly is his uncle.

CHINTZ. Oh, then I don't wonder at your surprise this morning. What does your master say to this marriage?

JEM. Oh, he's in a fine way about it! But we've got a plan to deceive the old fool and break it off; and if you'll assist us, master has promised to set us up in business, and be our friend as long as we live.

CHINTZ. Will he? Then I'm sure I'll do all I can to help him, for I'm tired of being single.

JEM. Take me somewhere where nobody can overhear us, and I'll tell you our plan; but mind, Miss Bloomfield is not to be let into the secret, or she'll spoil all.

CHINTZ. I won't say a word. Come along—I'm dying to hear the particulars. How could you be so angry with me, Jem, when you know I love you so? Shall I be Mrs. Miller, eh, Jem? *Exeunt*, L.

Enter LORD TOTTERLY *and* FLAMMER, R.

LORD T. Now, sir, we are alone—sit down and give me an account of this scandalous affair. (*they sit.*) You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. How dare you seduce the affections of a young woman, sir? how dare you be such a rascal? How dare you be such a profligate? I never set you such an example! I've a great mind to disinherit you, you dog, I have! Are you not ashamed of your conduct, sir?

FLAM. I am, indeed, my lord, overwhelmed with shame and confusion. I knew you would be incensed, particularly as you never committed yourself in such a way.

LORD T. Hem! you are right, sir. I am incensed at your conduct—highly incensed at it. What have you to say in your defence? Explain, sir—give me the particulars of the affair—tell me the whole of your villany.

FLAM. I will, my lord. The facts of the case are simply these. I went some few months back with a college friend, during the vacation, to Tavistock—

LORD T. Tavistock in Devonshire?

FLAM. The same, my lord. There it was my misfortune to see and love a beautiful girl—she was a—a—

LORD T. I know. Young, blooming, seventeen, chestnut ringlets, taper waist. I know, I know; go on—go on.

FLAM. She was just the creature you describe—a perfect Hebe! I persuaded her to elope with me.

LORD T. Shameful! shameful! Go on, sir—go on.

FLAM. Under pretence of visiting her aunt, who lives at Exeter—

LORD T. Artful dog! well?

FLAM. We lived at the London Inn in that city several days.

LORD T. You young rascal! Well, well—go on. What then?

FLAM. Then, sir, I returned to Cambridge, and the lady to Tavistock.

LORD T. Oh, you repented of your folly.

FLAM. Yes, I returned, as I told you, to Tavistock.

LORD T. Cambridge, you mean.

FLAM. Yes, I returned to Cambridge, and had entirely forgot the affair, until a few days ago, when an old gentleman, in a horrid state of excitement, with a loaded hunting-whip in one hand, and a brace of pistols in the other, burst into my chamber, and demanded satisfaction for my conduct to his neice.

LORD T. The devil! well?

FLAM. He was the uncle of the girl, at whose house she *should* have been, when she was with me at the London Inn. As ill luck would have it, he had occasion to go to Tavistock some few days ago, and on the lady's friends thanking him for his kindness to his neice, when she was at his house, the whole business came out.

LORD T. Unlucky! Why didn't you manage better? I always used to—hem!

FLAM. I couldn't foresee such a thing. The old gentleman, who is a perfect savage, immediately started in pursuit of me, with the determination of blowing out my brains, although his neice had left Tavistock some time, and was about to be well married in London.

LORD T. How did you get rid of him?

FLAM. Oh, I swore I was not the person, and had never been at Exeter in my life—sent him to a quiet, reading friend, who belonged to the next college, and made my escape to town. Ere this the old fellow must have found out the truth; he will be sure to follow me—something must be done. Will your lordship see him for me, and make some compromise. He has sworn to have my life if I don't marry Louisa.

LORD T. Louisa!

FLAM. Yes, Louisa Bloomfield—that's his neice's name.

LORD T. (*astonished.*) What! Louisa Bloomfield, from Tavistock—daughter of old Simon Bloomfield?

FLAM. The same.

LORD T. Death and the devil! *my* Louisa—London Inn—what an escape!

FLAM. Escape, my lord! I don't understand—

LORD T. Why, your beautiful Hebe—your companion at the London Inn, to-morrow would have been my wife.

FLAM. Your wife, my lord! your wife! you astonish me. Louisa Bloomfield your wife?—impossible!

LORD T. 'Tis very possible. 'Twas to me she was about to be married—I was to have been the unhappy victim. 'Twas my misfortune to meet her on her first arrival in town from Tavistock. I was struck by her beauty and apparent innocence, and to-morrow she would have been Lady Totterly.

BILL DOWNEY. (*without*, L.) I tell you he is here! I'm sure of it! I will see him, or I'll set fire to the house.

FLAM. There he is—that is old Bloomfield! I knew he would find me out. What the devil is to be done? he'll murder me! Let us avoid him, and concert some method of getting rid of him, and hushing up the affair.

LORD T. We will. If I had been made a victim, how my friends would have enjoyed the joke. Come along. I shall never forget the London Inn!—what an escape. *Exeunt* R.

BILL. (*without*, L.) But I know he is here! I will see him! stand out of the way—I will go in.

BILL DOWNEY *enters*, L., *disguised as* MR. BLOOMFIELD, *with a whip and a brace of horse pistols.*

Now then, sir, I— What, they're gone, eh? (*bursting into a laugh.*) I'm getting on uncommon well. They takes me for a right arnest gentleman, and lets me do *jist* what I likes. Let me see if I've got my lesson pat. I'm Mr. Bloomfield, from Hexeter—I've come to blow out Mr. Flammer's brains, for taking my niece to the London Inn. All right. I'll gammon 'em in prime style.

JEM. (*without.*) Timothy, my dear! Timothy, where are you? I won't be left in the hall! I will go to my husband.

BILL. Ha, ha, ha! that be my partner in this here concarn—Mr. Flammer's tiger. He's to hact my wife. He looks a regular brazen one.

JEM. (*without.*) I will find him, I'm determined.

Enter JEM MILLER, L., *disguised as* MRS. BLOOMFIELD.

Oh, Timothy, Timothy! (*embraces him, then looks round.*) Where are the nobs? have they bolted!

BILL. Yes, the old 'un is afeard on us. I say, Mr. Tiger, you looks a precious article, at all events.

JEM. I should think so—no use doing things by halves. I'm

not handsome, but I'm a beautiful figure—(*turning round, &c.*) —not a bit too fat. (*walks about with long strides.*)

BILL. Not a bit. But I say, you fool, don't take such precious long strides, or you'll be found out. Why don't you hact up to your character as I does? Have you got a honion for your heyes, and a handkercher to wipe 'em.

JEM. All right. I'll bellow like a good 'un.

BILL. Hush! here's somebody a-coming. Now, then, keep your heye hup and look modest.

Enter ROBERT, R.

ROBERT. Mr. Flammer and his uncle, Lord Totterly, will wait on you immediately.

BILL. Oh, very well; tell 'em to make haste. I won't be kept here all day—I wants to get back to Hexeter; tell 'em I'm in a devil of a hurry, will you—and that I'll turn the house out of windows, and them after it, if they don't come directly.

ROBERT. Yes, sir.

BILL. Be off, then. *Exit* ROBERT, R. Ha, ha! I've frightened the futman, at all events—now I'll tip it the master. Come along with me, and mind how you walks.

(JEM *takes* BILL'S *arm, and walks up and down, taking short steps, and occasionally a long one*—BILL *takes tremendous strides, and flourishes his whip.*

Enter LORD TOTTERLY *and* FLAMMER, R.

FLAM. (R. C.) There! did you ever see such a savage?

LORD T. (R.) Never. I wonder they suffer him to go loose. Who is that fat person with him?

FLAM. That's his wife—Louisa's aunt.

LORD T. Her aunt? Oh, dear, what a connection I was about to form.

BILL. So, you've com'd at last, mister, and have brought your old fool of an uncle to take care of you, I suppose. Now, then, we shall come to *summut.*

LORD T. (*aside.*) Come to summat! what a monster.

BILL. Sit down, Anna Maria, my love, and let me talk to these *fellers.* (*giving* JEM *a chair,* L. C.)

JEM. Now, Timothy, my dear, don't be violent. Consider my nerves—they are all on the *tickledollarhoo* already.

BILL Be quiet. (*to* FLAMMER.) Arn't you ashamed of yourself—arn't you ashamed to look me in the face, you black-looking thief?

JEM. Now, don't, Tim. Don't *exasperate*—don't make use of *epitaphs*—don't be impersonal and *valetudinarius.*

BILL. Be quiet, you old fool. (*aside to* FLAMMER.) Don't mind what I say—I must go it. (*aloud.*) Arn't you ashamed to see my venerable *phizog?*

LORD T. (*aside.*) Phizog! oh, Lord;

BILL. What can you say for your conduct, you burglarious young rascal?

JEM. Now, Timmy, dear, don't—consider the *re*paired state of my health, and the risibility of my *nervous connection.* Don't *intimiate*—draw it mild.

LORD T. (*aside.*) Unearthly monster! that ever I should live to hear a nephew of mine called a black-looking thief, and a burglarious young rascal. (*to* BILL.) Harkye, Mr.—what's you name?

BILL. Bill Downey.

JEM. (*kicking him.*) Be quiet, you fool! (*pretending to cry.*) Bloomfield is our name. I am Anna Maria, and my husband is Timothy. (*sobbing, using handkerchief, &c.*)

LORD T. (*crossing to* BILL.) Then I merely wished to remark to you, Mr. Bloomfield, that my nephew is a gentleman, and totally unaccustomed to such language as black-looking thief, and burglarious young rascal. I have never heard the terms applied before, nor do I understand their precise meaning Mr.—(*looking at him through eye-glass.*)

BILL. Bloomfield—Bloomfield. (*looking through his fingers in imitation.*)

LORD T. (*hastily concealing his glass, and bowing politely.*) Bloomfield, I beg your pardon.

BILL. (*bowing in imitation, and buttoning his coat.*) Oh, you're too *per*lite, Lord—Lord—(*looking through his fingers.*)

LORD T. Totterly.

BILL. Potterly—Sotterly, I'm not to be blarnied over by cut-and-dried dictionary speeches; I'm quite as much of a gen'elman as either you or your nephey. I've come here for satisfaction, and satisfaction I'll have, old Wig-and-whiskers! (*slapping him violently on the back*—LORD TOTTERLY *starts to the* R. *corner—aside to* FLAMMER.) I must do it, sir; I'm keeping up my character. I've just produced a *striking* effect.

JEM. Oh, Timmy, you'll frighten me into *extatics.*

LORD T. (*enraged, shaking his cane.*) Hark ye, sir—you are an impertinent scoundrel!

BILL. (*shaking his whip in imitation.*) You're another.

JEM. Oh, Timmy, cut it—don't be *horticultural.*

LORD T. Leave my house, sir, or I'll order the servants to turn you out.

BILL. (*taking a chair,* C.) I won't go; I should like to see them turn me out!

JEM. Now Timmy, dear, for my sake be *crucified*. You'll kill me if you proceed to punching heads.

BILL. Be quiet, Anna Maria. Here I'll sit, and I defy you and all your family to stir me. Damme, you shall respect the chairman, old Wig-and-whiskers!

LORD T. (*aside.*) Old Wig-and-whiskers! What a brute! (*to* FLAMMER.) Speak to him, Frisk—get rid of him—ask him what he wants.

FLAM. I will. (*aside to* BILL.) You are going too far, you rascal! I shall be obliged to horsewhip you, if you don't take care.

BILL. (*aside.*) It's all sham, you know, sir. I must keep it up—no offence—it's all gammon.

FLAM. (*aside.*) Don't overdo it. (*aloud.*) What is it you want of me?

BILL. A sovereign and a pot of half-and-half.

JEM. (*kicking him, aside.*) Oh, you fool!

BILL. No, I don't mean that—I mean my honour must be satisfied.

FLAM. (*to* LORD TOTTERLY.) His honour must be satisfied.

LORD T. He wants money. Ask him how much will satisfy his honour.

FLAM. Mr. Bloomfield, we are willing to make your niece every atonement in our power. What sum of money would satisfy you?

BILL. (*starting up, and roaring with furious action.*) Money! money—do you offer me money! Hell and Tommy! Sell—honour—paltry gold—look—grey hair—sorrow—grave—doating father—miserable uncle—behold—(*bringing down* JEM, *and wiping his eyes.*) her aunt—wife—partner—affection—tears—shame—villain—villain—villain—unprotected woman!

(*he takes the stage, overcome with grief, and falls exhausted on* LORD TOTTERLY, *who has seated himself—he rises, throws him off, &c.*—BILL *sits down overcome with grief, &c.*

JEM. Now I'll have a go. (*following* LORD TOTTERLY *and* FLAMMER *round the stage.*) You monster—you villain—you wretch—and you, you old rascal! you'll break my heart, you will—ho, ho, ho! I'm going to faint!

(*he catches hold of* LORD TOTTERLY *and faints in his arms—* FLAMMER *takes him away, and pushes him into his chair—* LORD TOTTERLY *leans exhausted, on* FLAMMER'S *shoulder.*

LORD T. What a dreadful situation I'm placed in! How shall I get rid of the wretches?

BILL. (*aside to* FLAMMER.) Arn't I doing capital, sir? I wants a drop o' porter—couldn't you send for a pot?

FLAM. Hush! Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, I am sorry to see you so overcome—can I offer you any refreshment?

BILL. (*aside.*) That's your sort! let us have some porter. (*aloud.*) I don't care if I do wet my whistle.

LORD T. Wet his whistle! the horrid wretch!

JEM. And I don't care if I do the same. I feels quite *lassitudinarius.*

FLAM. (*calling off*, R.) Robert, bring some wine.

BILL. (*aiide.*) Wine be blowed! I don't care for wine—I want a drop of heavy.

FLAM. (*aside.*) Take what you can get.

Enter ROBERT *with wine*, R.

Give the gentleman and lady some wine. (ROBERT *pours it out.*)

BILL. (*drinks.*) Pretty good stuff, this, but not equal to Barclay and Perkins. You may give me another glass, young man.

JEM. I don't care if I take another—it's good for the *romantics.* ROBERT *places wine on the table, and exits*, R.

LORD T. These horrid savages will get intoxicated, and then they'll murder me—I'm sure they will.

BILL. Now, fell*ers*, what have you got to say—what have you got to *per*pose? I understaud that my niece is now in the house, and that old Wig-and-whiskers there was going to marry her. Now what I have to *per*pose is this here. You must marry her between you—that is, one of you must marry her; settle which among yourselves—only one of you must do it, that's all, or I'll have a pop at you! (*presenting pistols.*)

LORD T. Disgusting savage! I fear we can do nothing with him. We must send for a policeman, and have him taken up. As things have turned out, of course neither of us can think of marrying the girl. I'd give five thousand pounds to any man who would marry her and take her off my hands.

FLAM. Would you really? Send for the lady here directly, and if her relations will give their consent, I'll engage to find a man who will be glad to take her.

LORD T. Go for him, Frisk—go for him immediately. I'll go for Miss Bloomfield. Bring him here immediately, and let us get rid of these savages and the girl at once.

Exit FLAMMER, L.

BILL. Come, I say! where has he gone to? not bolted, eh? I won't stand it, old 'un! Come along Anna Maria—

LORD T. He will return immediately, have the kindness to wait here a few minutes, and every thing shall be settled to your satisfaction. (*going.*) What a dreadful day I've gone through; I've been bullied by a savage, called old wig and

whiskers; and now I'm obliged to give five thousand pounds to escape being murdered! *Exit* R.

BILL *and* JEM *watch him, and burst out into loud laughter.*

BILL. We've done it capital! (*taking off his wig.*)

JEM. Slap up! (*taking off his bonnet.*) What an old fool! Ha, ha, ha! didn't I come the faint well? (*imitating.*) Ho, ho, ho! (*kicking in the chair.*)

BILL. Yes, and didn't I go it in prime style about the money? (*imitating.*) Villain! villain!—unprotected woman! Ha, ha, ha! we are two good un's for a lark.

JEM. Out and out! Come, let's have another glass of wine. (*drinks.*)

BILL. With all my heart; only don't let us get drunk. (*drinks.*)

JEM. Certainly not. (*filling.*) Here's success to the undertaking!

BILL. Here's success to the undertakers.

JEM. Hollo! (*stopping him.*) Success to the undertaking.

BILL. Oh! the undertaking—well, arn't we the undertakers? so, here's success to the undertaking, and the undertakers. I say, Mr. Tiger—we've finished the bottle; we shall be fuddled!

JEM. Hush! here comes the old gentleman. (BILL *puts on* JEM's *bonnet, and* JEM, BILL's *wig—they find out the mistake and exchange—they retire up.*)

Enter LORD TOTTERLY *and* LOUISA, R.

LORD T. Circumstances, Miss Bloomfield, have taken place within the last few hours, that will prevent me from having the felicity of leading you to the altar—hem! you shall have five thousand pound as a wedding portion, and I would advise you to pass your honey-moon at the *London Inn*, at Exeter.

LOUISA. (*astonished.*) My lord!

LORD T. I am about to transfer the honor to another, and I doubt not, more worthy person, who will I am certain, be better able than myself to appreciate your beauty, accomplishments, and *virtue*—hem!

LOUISA. My lord, I do not understand you; what is the meaning of your strange words? Do you seriously wish me to understand that I am not to be your wife?

LORD T. I do—and moreover, as a husband is perhaps *necessary* for your happiness, I have sent to procure you one—hem!

LOUISA. Do I dream?

LORD T. No, you are awake, and so am I.

LOUISA. What can all this mean? I am amazed!

LORD T. So am I; your uncle and aunt there can explain.

LOUISA. *My* uncle and aunt!

BILL. Oh, Louisey, Louisey, you naughty girl, how could you do so?

JEM. How could you behave so to your affectionate aunt?

LOUISA. Stand off! This is some vile plot to ruin me; I know them not—they are no relations of mine.

LORD T. (*aside.*) Unheard of depravity! she *won't* know her own uncle and aunt! what an escape I have had!

Enter FLAMMER, L.—BILL *and* JEM *go up stage.*

Well, Frisk, where is he? Where is the volunteer husband? Bring him in; let us settle this business at once.

FLAM. Come in, Charles.

Enter DANVERS, L.

LOUISA. Charles! (*running into his arms.*)—my own dear Charles!

LORD T. Curse me if it isn't Hobbs the shoemaker! where did you pick him up?

FLAM. Not far off—he has long been a lover of Miss Bloomfield, so I thought him the best person to choose for her husband.

LORD. T. A lover!—oh, ho! then I'll be hanged if he was trying on shoes when I caught him on his knees to her. (*aside.*) What an escape I have had! Mr. Hobbs—London Inn—dreadful! (*aloud.*) Take her, Mr. Hobbs—make her a good husband; but let me give you a caution never to set up in business at Exeter, and don't go near the London Inn there, or you'll hear something unpleasant—ha, ha, ha! (*chuckling, and hitting* FLAMMER *with his cane.*) wouldn't he, Frisk?

DANVERS. London Inn—Exeter—Mr. Hobbs—something unpleasant! What do you mean, my lord? I don't understand—

FLAM. But I do, and will explain all.

LORD T. (*aside.*) Hold your tongue, you fool!

FLAM. The fact is, Charles, this is the *denouement* of my scheme. Pardon me, my lord, the annoyance I have caused you—with shame I confess this is the first time I have ever seen Miss Bloomfield.

LORD T. What! did you not take her to the London Inn?

FLAM. No, my lord, I never was at Exeter in my life. The whole of that *little affair* was a romance, to prevent your lordship from marrying a lady, to whom my friend, Mr. Charles Danvers, is so devotedly attached.

LORD T. What! have I been imposed upon?

FLAM. You have, my lord. I could think of no other method of preventing you from favouring me with an aunt, and rendering my friend miserable.

LORD T. You undutiful young scoundrel! I'll disinherit you, and marry Miss Bloomfield, on purpose to vex you; and

as for your agents, there—(BILL *and* JEM *try to escape*, L.) Don't let them go! Come here, you horrible savages! You villainous old rascal, who called me "wig and whiskers," I'll have you and that wretch of a woman transported, for daring to impose upon me! Who, and what are you?

BILL. I'm a gentleman—there is my card. (*pulling out a piece of board, painted black, with white letters on it.*) Bill Downey, Porter, &c., cleans shoes, brushes clothes, runs of errands, and does anything, on reasonable terms. N.B.—For ready money only—no trust.

LORD T. And you have dared to impose yourself on me for a gentleman? But I suppose my nephew has paid you handsomely for it.

BILL. Pretty well. I'm to have a sovereign and a pot of half-and half. If you are satisfied with my performance, you may give me a trifle more.

LORD T. And pray, who are you, you horrible old woman?

JEM. (*taking off his cap and wig.*) I'm James Miller, my lord, Mr. Flammer's tiger, my lord—I did it to get a wife, my lord—beg pardon, I only followed master's orders, my lord.

LORD T. So, I've been bullied and insulted by a shoe black and a tiger, for a sovereign and a pot of half-and-half! Well, I suppose I must make the best of it—I ought not to have thought of matrimony at my age, Frisk, I forgive you and your tiger. Miss Bloomfield, marry Mr. Hobbs—Mr. Danvers, I mean. The five thousand pounds I will present to you as a marriage gift. Mr. Danvers, I won't hear a word—relieve your father's embarrassments, and be happy with the man of your heart. And now for you, you horrible savage! what shall I do with you?

BILL. Forgive everything I've said and done, as 'twas all in the way of business; and if you should at any time want anything in the shoe cleaning, clothes brushing, or gentleman lines, I hopes you'll give me your custom. I always does my best to give satisfaction—and if your lordship, and the Ladies and Gentleman I see around will condescend to be pleased with my exertions on the present occasion, the "Unfinished Gentleman" will be happy to larn his *lessons*, and hact up to his character, whenever you may please to honour him with your approbation and support.

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